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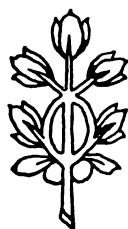
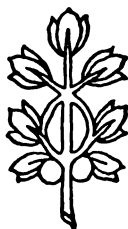
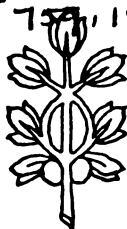
THE RIVERSIDE READERS

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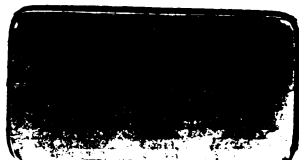


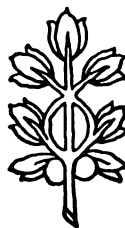
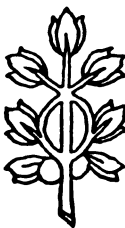
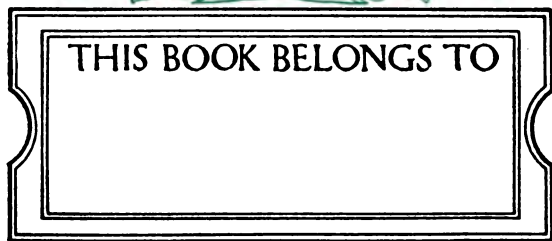
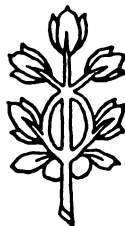
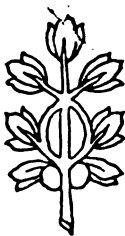
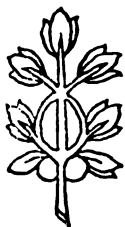
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❖ THE RIVERSIDE READERS ❖

FIRST READER

BY

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STORY GROUPS

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Within the story groups are selections from Robert Louis Stevenson, Christina G. Rossetti, Alfred Tennyson, James Whitcomb Riley, Frank Dempster Sherman, Abbie Farwell Brown, and Augusta Stevenson.

For kind permission to use "The Swing" from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," the authors are indebted to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons; and for "A Sea-Song" to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley and the Century Company.

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OLD TALES

OLD TALES

My Grandpa says that long ago,
Before he was a man,
His Grandma told my tales to him
As only grandmas can.

And long before he was a boy,
In lands across the sea,
The boys and girls were told the tales
That now he tells to me.

So when my Grandpa reads a tale
Or tells a tale to me,
I know it is as old, as old,
As old as it can be.





A STORY BOOK

I have a story book.
It was Grandma's picture book
when she was a little girl.
Sometimes Grandpa reads me a story.
I like to have Grandpa read to me.
I often look at the pictures in my book.
Sometimes I read a story.

Baby likes my story book.
I tell Baby a story in the book.
Then Baby tells me the story.
Then we play the story.

We play,

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man,
Bake me a cake
As fast as you can;
Pat it and pat it
And mark it with B;
And bake the cake soon
For Baby and me.



We play,
Pease porridge hot,
 Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
 Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
 Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
 Nine days old.

Baby says,
 “Hot! Cold! Again!”

So we play again,
Pease porridge hot,
 Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
 Nine days old.

Sometimes Grandpa plays with us.
We like to have him play with us.
We all like Grandma's picture book.





Lucy Locket lost a pocket.
Kitty Fisher found it.
Not a penny was there in it,
But a ribbon round it.



Kitty said to Lucy Locket,
“Lucy, did you lose a pocket?”
Lucy said, “Oh, have you found it,
My pocket with a ribbon round it?”

LET US PLAY

Let us play Lucy Locket.

Who will be Lucy?

Who will be Kitty Fisher?

Where is there a pocket with a ribbon
round it?

Lucy will lose the pocket.

Kitty will find it and say,

“Lucy! Lucy! Did you lose a pocket?
I found one with a ribbon round it.”

Lucy will say,

“Oh, have you found my pocket
with a ribbon round it?

Thank you, Kitty.

There is no money in it —
not a penny.

But I should not like to lose it.”



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Eating of curds and whey ;

There came a black spider,

And sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away.

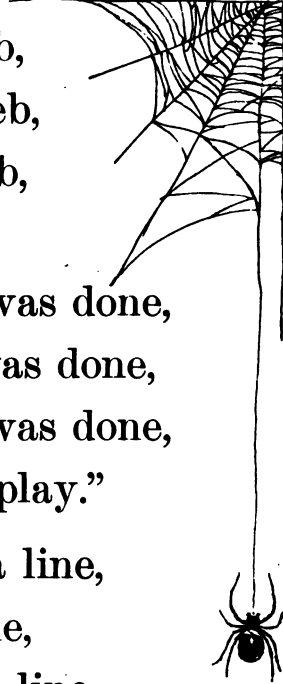
A SPIDER WEB

Once a spider spun a web,
Spun a web, spun a web,
Once a spider spun a web,
On a summer day.

When the spider's web was done,
Web was done, web was done,
When the spider's web was done,
The spider said, "I'll play."

And so the spider spun a line,
Spun a line, spun a line,
And so the spider spun a line,
To take a swing, they say.

And then, I've heard, a little girl,
A little girl, a little girl,
And then, I've heard, a little girl
Had no curds and whey.



LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"



JACK HORNER'S PIE

Little Jack Horner had a Christmas pie.
It was not Christmas time.

Oh, no, it was summer!

But Jack Horner's pie had plums in it;
so he called it a Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb
and took out a plum.

Then he put in his thumb
and took out another.

The pie was very good.

Then Jack went out
and sat in the garden.

"How sleepy I am!" he said.

Just then he saw something.



Coming down a country road,
He saw a farmer, on a load.



JACK AND THE FARMER

FARMER: Well, Jack, did you eat your
pie?

JACK: Yes, I just ate it.

FARMER: Did you like it?

JACK: Oh, yes! It was a good pie.

FARMER: I was sure you would like
it.

You see, I helped make it.

JACK: You helped make it!

My mother made it.

FARMER: So she did! So she did!

But you see I helped her.

JACK: I saw my mother making
the pie.

I did not see you helping
her.

FARMER: But I did help. Yes, I did.

Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Then Jack saw something else.

He saw a brook flowing down a hill,
And by the brook a water-mill.
He saw the miller, too.



JACK AND THE MILLER

MILLER: I hear you had a pie this morning, Jack.

Did you like it?

JACK: Yes, it was a very good pie.
It had plums in it.

MILLER: So you liked it, did you?
Do you know,

I helped make that pie.

JACK: I saw my mother make
the pie.

MILLER: Oh, you did, did you?

Well, I helped your mother
make it.

I help her make all her pies.

Yes, I do! Oh, yes, I do!

Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Then Jack saw something else.

He saw a cow all white and red,
With long horns on her pretty head.



JACK AND THE COW

Cow: Was your pie good?

JACK: Very good, thank you.

Cow: I helped your mother make it.

I like to help make pies.

JACK: Do cows help make pies?

Cow: Oh, yes, very often!

JACK: I have never heard of cows
helping to make pies.

Cow : Oh, but they do help!

Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Then Jack saw something else.

He saw a pretty mother hen,
Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!
with chickens ten.



JACK AND THE HEN

HEN : Did you like your pie?

JACK : Yes, it was very good.

HEN : I helped make it.

JACK : Did your chickens help, too?

HEN : No, but my chickens will help
make pies by and by.

I have ten chickens.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight, nine, ten!

They will help make pies.

They are good chickens.

Come, chick, chick! Come, chick, chick!

Then Jack saw something else.

He saw sweet clovers red and white,
Sweet clovers nodding left and right.



JACK, THE CLOVERS, AND THE COW

JACK: Sweet clovers, did you help
make my pie, too?

CLOVERS: Yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes!

COW: The clovers help me;
then I help your mother.
So the clovers do help.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

WHEN JACK OPENED HIS EYES

Then Jack opened his eyes.

The farmer was nowhere to be seen.

The miller was nowhere to be seen.

The cow was nowhere to be seen.

The hen was nowhere to be seen.

The chickens were nowhere to be seen.

But the clovers were nodding, “Yes,
yes! Yes, yes, yes!”

Then Jack went running to his mother.
He told her what he had seen and heard.
Mrs. Horner said, “Come, sit by me
in the corner. I’ll tell you all
about it.”

So Mrs. Horner told Jack how
the farmer helped make pies.
She told him how the miller helped.
She told him how the cow helped.
She told him how the hen helped.
She told him how the clovers helped.
And she said, “There is something else
that helps; and something else;
and something else.”

Can you tell what?

Can you tell how each one helped?



BOBBY SHAFTO



Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
In other lands strange things he'll see—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!



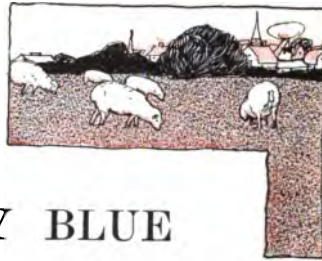
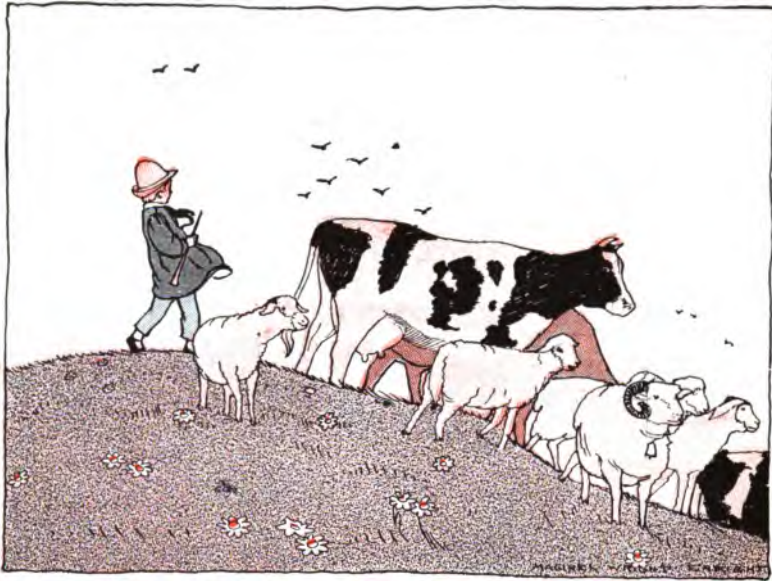


One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town,

To London Town, London Town;
One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town.

One foot up and the other foot down,
That's the way home from London
Town,

From London Town, London Town;
One foot up and the other foot down,
That's the way home from London
Town.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

Once there was a little boy.

He was Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue was a shepherd boy.

He watched the cows and the sheep
in the field.

One day Little Boy Blue went to sleep
under a haycock.

By and by there came a little bird.
He came to sing in the apple tree.
He saw the sheep in the meadow.
He saw the cows in the corn.



He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
under the haycock.

The little bird sang very softly.

He sang very, very softly, oh, so softly.

He sang, "I must not wake Boy Blue;
he is asleep under the haycock."

By and by there came a second little
bird.

He came to sing in the apple tree.

He saw the sheep in the meadow.

He saw the cows in the corn.

He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
under the haycock.

He saw the first little bird singing
in the apple tree.

The second little bird sang to the first
little bird.



Then the first little bird sang
to the second little bird.

They sang very softly.

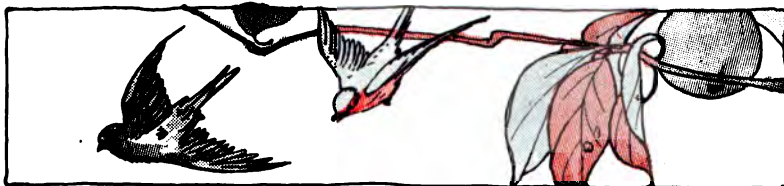
SECOND BIRD: Where is the little boy
that looks after the sheep?

FIRST BIRD: He is under the hay-
cock fast asleep.

SECOND BIRD: Will you wake him?

FIRST BIRD: No, not I; for, if I did,
he would be sure to cry.

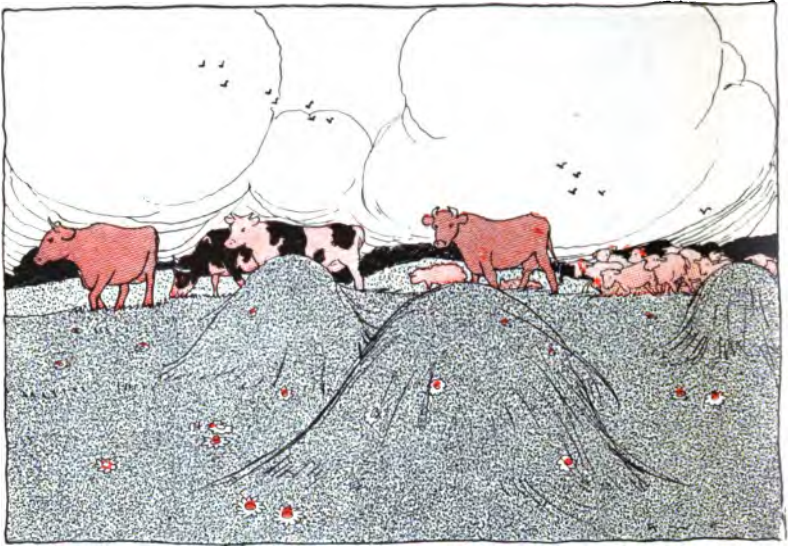
Then the two little birds flew away.



By and by there came a third little bird.
He came to sing in the apple tree.
He saw the sheep in the meadow.
He saw the cows in the corn.
He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
 under the haystack.
Then the third little bird sang.
He sang to Little Boy Blue,
 “Little Boy Blue,
 Little Boy Blue,
 Come blow your horn!”
Louder and louder he sang,
 “Little Boy Blue,
 Come blow your horn,
 Come blow your horn!”
But Little Boy Blue did not waken.
Then the third little bird sang,
 just as loud as he could sing,

“Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn ;
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn.
Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
Come blow your horn !”





Up jumped Little Boy Blue.
How he did blow his horn!
The sheep came back to the field.
The cows came back, too.
Then Little Boy Blue heard a bird
singing.
He looked up in the apple tree.
He saw a little bluebird singing.

The little bluebird sang,

“I’m a little bird blue.

I have no horn;

But I brought the sheep
from the meadow,

And the cows from the corn.

For I wakened the boy

Who looks after the sheep;

He was under the haycock
fast asleep.”

“You are a good little shepherd bird,”
said Little Boy Blue.





WHICH?

Which is Lucy Locket?

Which is Kitty Fisher?

Which is Little Jack Horner?

Which is Mrs. Horner?

How do you know?

Tell me how you know.



AND WHICH?

Which is Bobby Shafto?

Which is Little Boy Blue?

Which is Little Miss Muffet?

Which is Mrs. Muffet?

How do you know?

Tell me how you know.

IN THE APPLE TREE

Birds make their nests in the green
apple tree.

They like the blossoms of the apple tree.

They like the blue sky.

They like the wind.

The wind sings, "Oo-oo! Oo-oo!"

The blossoms fall like snow.

They go drifting away.

The bees fly to the apple tree.

The blossoms say, "Come, bees, come!"

The birds see the bees.

They sing, "Tweet, tweet! Tweet,
tweet!"

The bees sing, "Hum! Hum-m!"

The birds love the apple tree.

The bees love the apple tree.

A NEST IN THE APPLE TREE

This is a nest
In an apple tree ;
One, two, three, four
Blue eggs you see.



The mother bird sits
On the nest all day ;
And her wings are over
The nest, this way.

The father bird sings
By the nest in the tree,
“ We are happy, oh, happy,
As happy can be ! ”



The small birds come ;
They grow ; and one day,
They fly and they fly,
Away, far away.



EARLY EVERY MORNING

Early every morning
A birdie sings to me,
“Get up! Get up! Up, up!”
As plain as plain can be.

Swinging in the blossoms
He makes the blossoms snow,
Singing, “Up! Get up! Up, up!”
O sleepy head, you’re slow!”

Does a birdie ever sing to you
in the morning ?

A birdie sings to me
early every morning.

He swings on the branch of a green
apple tree.

He sings, "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!"

Yes, he sings just as plain as plain can
be, "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!"

Sometimes I close my eyes again.

Then that birdie sings, just as loud
as he can sing,

"Up, up! Get up, up!"

Up I jump, and run to the window.

I see the birdie singing and swinging
on the branch of the apple tree.

And I say, "I'm up! I'm up! I'm up!"

See, birdie, now I'm up!"



HONEYBEES

Once there came some honeybees
Buzzing from the apple trees:

“Hum! Hum-m!”

They said, “The summer sweets we’ll
take,

And of the sweets we’ll honey make!

Hum! Hum-m!”

The flowers that in the garden grew
Said, “Our sweets were made for you.”
And the bees, one, two, three, four, five,
Made the honey in the hive.

“Hum! Hum-m!”



HOW THEY HELP

1. How do the flowers help make honey ?
2. The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.

1. How does the rain help make honey ?
2. The rain falls on the flowers,
The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.

1. How does the sun help make honey ?
2. The sun shines on the flowers,
The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.
They hum and make the honey —
the sweet, sweet honey.



SONGS IN THE APPLE TREE

O birdie in the apple tree,
Dear birdie, sing a song to me!
You have a nest and four eggs too,
Up where the wind is singing, "Oo-oo!"
You sing songs to the mother bird,
The sweetest songs I ever heard.
O birdie in the apple tree,
Dear birdie, sing a song to me!

O bees, that love the apple tree,
Dear bees, please sing a song to me!
You humming go the whole day long;
For while you fly, you hum a song;
And while you're busy, pretty bees,
You hum songs in the apple trees.

O wind up in the apple tree,
Dear wind, please sing a song to me!
I've heard it's you that tell the bees
When blossoms come to the apple trees.
You make the blossoms fall like snow;
Across the sod I see them go.

O wind, bee, birdie, sing to me!
For I love the songs of the apple tree.





PLAYS UNDER THE APPLE TREE

We play circus under the apple tree.

We play we have animals.

We have bears and camels.

We have elephants and kangaroos.

We have lions and giraffes.

We call, "Come, Kitty, Kitty!"

Then we put the kitten in the circus.

We call, "Come, Jack! Come, Jack!"

Then we put the dog in the circus.

“Mew! Mew! Mew!”

How the kitten does mew!

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!”

How the dog does bark!

We let the dog and the kitten out.

Then we play “I spy.”

The kitten runs away,

but the dog likes to play “I spy.”

Sometimes we count to ten

under the apple tree:

**One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight, nine, ten.**

Then we say,

**“Ready or not,
You’ll now be caught!”**

And the dog says,

**“Bow-wow! Wow! Wow!
Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!”**



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

We play "Merry-go-round"
under the apple tree.

We play we are animals.

Baby rides on our backs.

We go round and round
the apple tree.

We sing as we go.

What do you think we sing?

We sing our merry-go-round song:

“I’m an elephant; I’m a kangaroo;
I’m a camel; I’m a big bear, boo!
I’m a giraffe from over the sea;
I’m a lion, oh, do choose me!”

Sometimes Baby chooses a camel
to ride on.

Sometimes he chooses a giraffe.

He likes to ride on the lion, too; and he
likes to ride on the kangaroo.

Sometimes he rides
on the big bear, boo!

Baby likes all the animals.

So every day we sing for Baby,

“Will you ride the elephant
or the kangaroo,
The lion, or the camel,
or the big bear, boo?”

THE APPLE-TREE SWING

Father made us a swing
under the apple tree.

We like the apple-tree blossoms.

When we swing, they fall like snow.

A butterfly goes flying by.

A little bird sings, "Tweet! Tweet!"

Then he swings and sings
on an apple-tree bough.

Fly away, butterfly! Swing, little bird!

We will swing with you.

Swing! Swing! S-w-i-n-g!

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!



Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country-side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

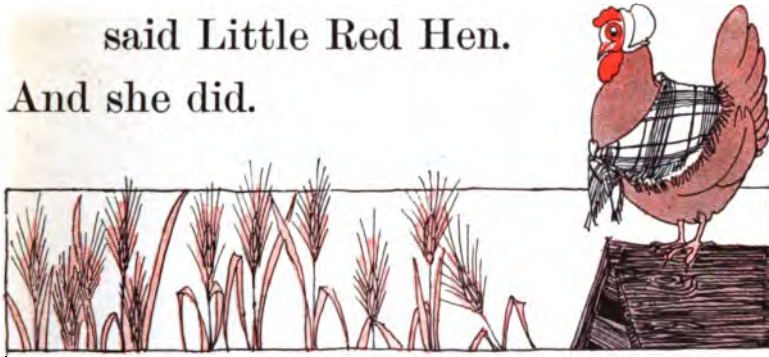
A little red hen was looking
for something to eat.
She found some grains of wheat.
She said,
“Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
These grains I’ll sow.
The sun will shine,
The wind will blow;
And many days
Of sun and rain
Will make each one
A head of grain.



Who will help me sow the wheat?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.
“Not I,” said the mouse.
“Not I,” said the pig.

“Then I will sow it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.
And she did.



When the grain was ready to reap,
Little Red Hen said,
“Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
If grains you sow,
The sun will shine,
The wind will blow.
And many days
Of sun and rain
Will make each one
A head of grain.

Who will help me reap the grain?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the mouse.

“Not I,” said the pig.

“Then I will reap it myself,”

said Little Red Hen.

And she did.



When the wheat was reaped,

Little Red Hen said,

“The windmill’s arms
Go round and round,
And so the grain
To flour is ground ;
Now I must take
The wheat to mill,
Across the field
And up the hill.

Who will help me take the grain
to the mill?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Then I will take it
to the mill myself,"
said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

When the wheat was ground,
Little Red Hen said,

"I'm ready now
The bread to bake,
And I will make
A big round cake.
I sowed and reaped
And ground the wheat;
Now I'll have bread
And cake to eat.



Who will help me eat the bread
and cake?" asked Little Red Hen.

"I," said the duck.

"I," said the mouse.

"I," said the pig.

"No, I will do it myself,"
said Little Red Hen.

And she did.



WHAT LITTLE RED HEN SAID

"I have found some grains of wheat."

"I will sow the wheat myself."

"I will reap the wheat myself."

"I will take the wheat to mill myself."

“I will bake the bread and cake myself.”
“I will eat the bread and cake myself.”
And she did.

WHAT THE OTHERS SAID

DUCK: I wish I had helped.

MOUSE: I wish I had helped.

PIG: I wish I had helped.

DUCK: I wish I had some cake.

MOUSE: I wish I had some cake.

PIG: I wish I had some cake.

ALL: Oh! Oh! O-oh!



THE COCK

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

It is the farmer's cock
you hear.

This is the cock
that crows in the morn.

He calls the farmer.

Up gets the farmer, and out he goes
to feed the horses and cattle.

Then he will sow the wheat.





THE FARMER



The farmer is sowing the wheat.
Shine, sun, shine brightly!
Help the farmer's wheat to grow.
Come, wind, and bring the rain!
Fall, rain, fall softly!
Help the farmer's wheat to grow.
Many days of sun and rain
will bring the farmer golden grain.



THE WHEAT FIELD



This is the farmer's wheat field.
The sun shone brightly.
The rain fell softly.
The wheat grew tall and golden.
Now the wheat is ready to reap.
See, the wind bows down the golden
grain.
The farmer will reap the wheat and
take it to the mill.

THE MILL

This is the mill.

See its big arms!

Round and round they go
when the breezes blow.

Hear them go—flip-flap,
flip-flap!

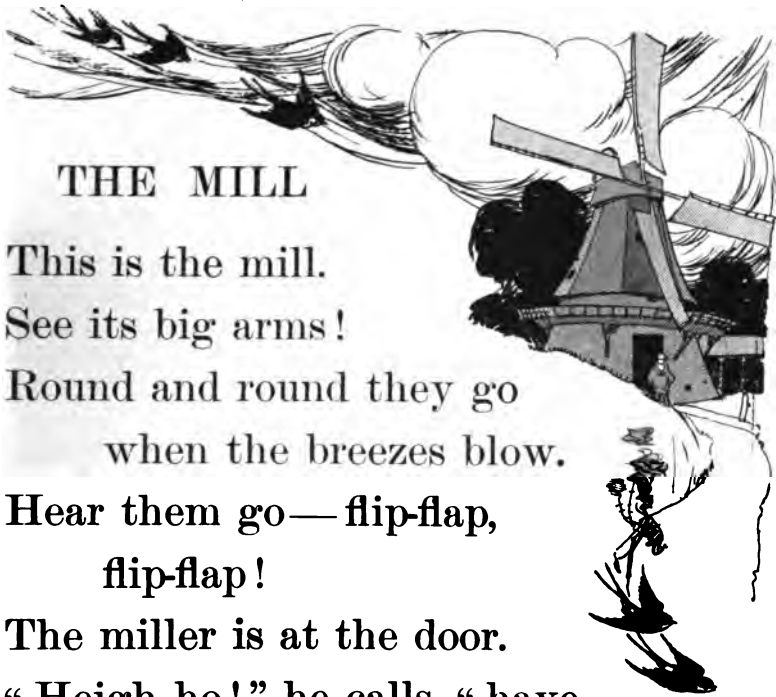
The miller is at the door.

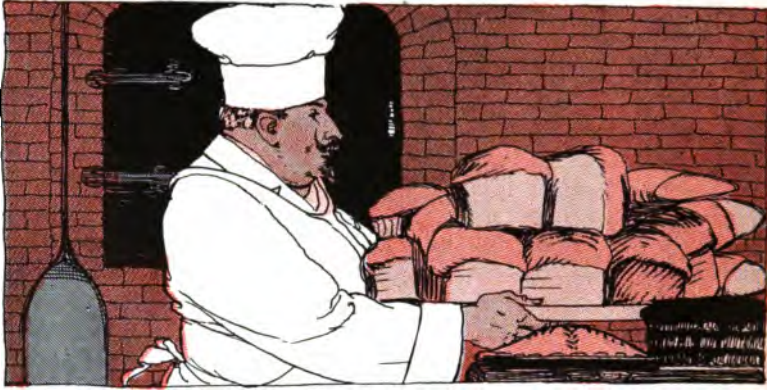
“Heigh ho!” he calls, “have
you wheat to be ground?”

Well, the baker shall have flour to-day.

For the breezes blow,
and the mill arms go,

And the old mill likes to work,
heigh ho!”





THE BAKER

This is the baker.
He is baking bread.
See the brown loaves
ready to sell!



See the buns and the pies
and the cakes!
How good they look!
The baker will put some of them
into the window.
And some he will put into the cart.



THE BAKER'S CART

This is the baker's cart.

And here is the baker's boy.

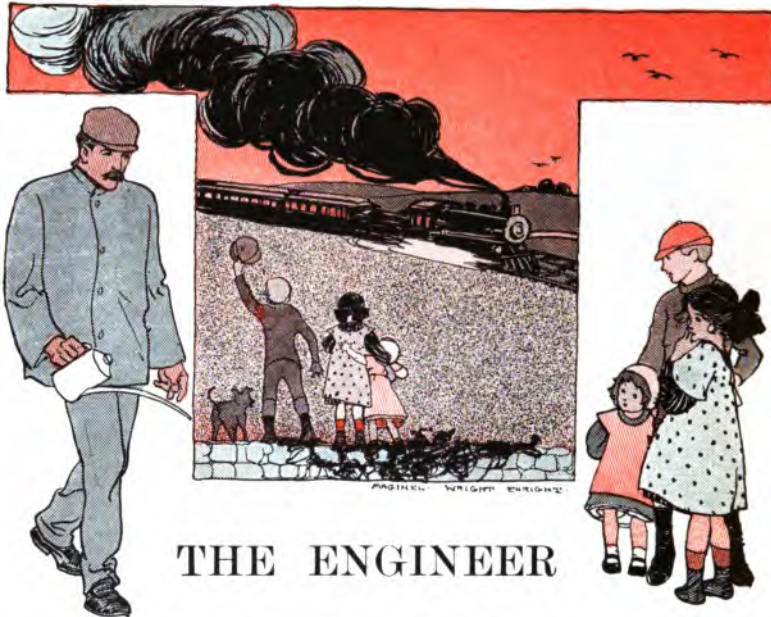
Early every morning he rides
from door to door.

“Good morning,” he says, “do you need
any bread to-day?”

I have fresh rolls, too, and good
fresh buns.

The apple pies are good. Will you
take one?

Thank you. And what else will you
have to-day?”



THE ENGINEER

He runs the big engine,
That pulls a long train
Forty miles an hour,
Over hill and plain.
Toot, toot! goes the whistle;
The bell goes ding-dong!
Look out for the train
As it rushes along!



THE TICKET SELLER

TRAVELER: When is there a train for
New York?

TICKET SELLER: In five minutes.

TRAVELER: What is the fare?

TICKET SELLER: Two dollars.

TRAVELER: Give me a ticket, please.

TRAIN CALLER: Train for New York!

Train on track three!

Train leaves station in five
minutes!

All aboard!

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE AN ENGINEER

I should like to be an engineer.

**I would run my engine
at forty miles an hour.**

**The train would rush
over hill and plain.**

**I would make the whistle go toot,
toot!**

I would make the bell go ding-dong!

**Then I would stop the train at the
station.**

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A TICKET SELLER

I should like to be a ticket seller.

I would have many, many tickets.

A traveler would ask,

“When does the train for New
York leave?”

I would say, “In five minutes!”

The traveler would ask,

“What is the fare?”

I would say, “Two dollars.”

The traveler would say,

“I’ll take a ticket!”

He would give me two dollars.

I would give him a ticket for New York.

Then the train caller would say,

“Train for New York!

Train on track seven!

Train leaves station in one minute!

All aboard!”

The man would run for the train.

Then another traveler would buy
a ticket of me.

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A TRAVELER

I should like to be a traveler.

I should like to go forty miles an hour.

I would ride the whole day long.

"All aboard!" some one would call.

Then the engine would pull the train
out of the big wide station.

I would sit by the window and look out.

I should see tracks and tracks and tracks.

Men with pick-axes would be working
by the tracks.

They would stop as the train went by.

Soon all the tracks would run together.

We should be out in the country.

The train would be rushing along.

Houses and trees would run by.

I should see a river and a mill.

I should see horses and cattle
in the meadows.

I should see forests far off
on the hills.

Toot, toot! would go the whistle.

We should come to a road.

Farmers would ride by, on loads of hay.

Soon it would grow dark.

Lights would be burning overhead.

Then I would close my eyes and dream.

Toot, toot! Toot, toot!

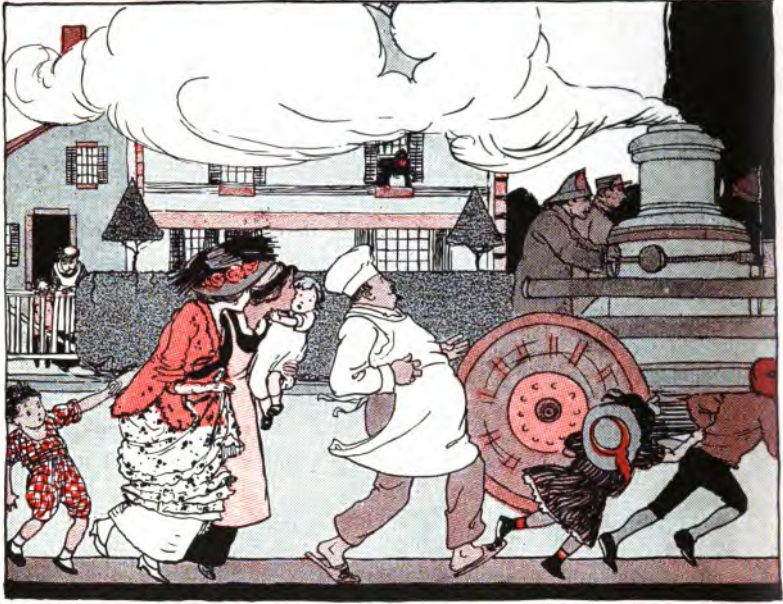
I should hear the whistle in my dreams.

How loud it would sound!

A big black town would be rushing by,
and rows and rows of lights.

And I should jump up and get off there.

Oh, I should like to be a traveler!



THE FIRE HORSES

How big and strong the fire horses are !
The firemen are good to their horses.
The horses stand a long time
 in the engine house.
When they hear the alarm, they run
 to the engine.



Down drops the harness!
The firemen spring upon the engine.
Then away go the big strong horses!
When they come to the fire, they are
not frightened.
They stand still while the firemen
work.

THE FIREMEN

They sit at their ease,
And stories they tell,
When, clang! the alarm goes,
And hark! there's the bell.
Down drops the harness!
The fire horses jump;
Out goes the engine,
Clump, clumpety, clump!
On spring the firemen!
"Watch out!" says the gong.
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!
As they hurry along.
A building is burning;
But soon there's a spout
Of fast flowing water,
That puts the fire out.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIREMAN?

Would you like to be a fireman?

You would sit at your ease,
telling stories.

All at once you would hear the alarm :

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The harness would drop upon the horses.

You would spring upon the fire engine,
and away you would go !

You would ring the gong:

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

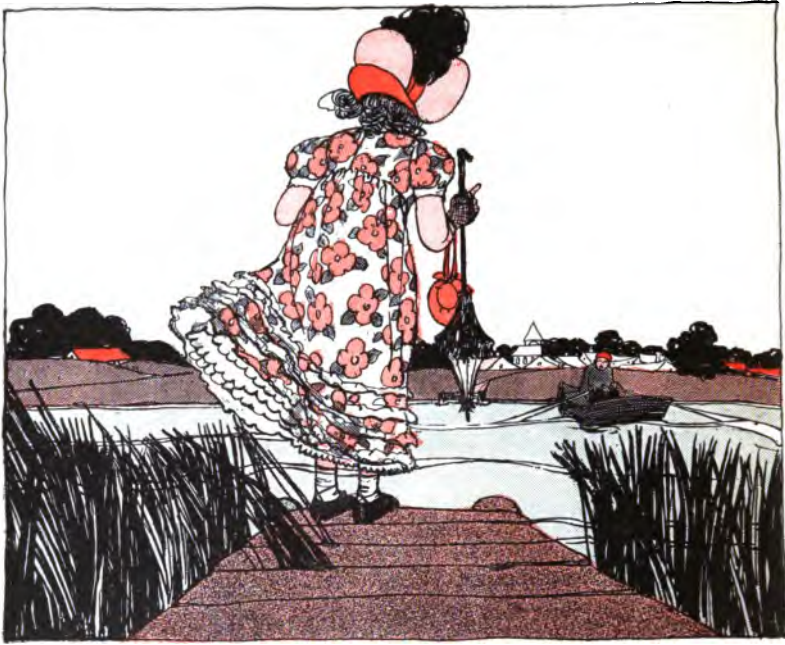
You would hurry, hurry, hurry!

You would find the burning building.

Soon there would be a spout of water.

The water would put out the fire.

Oh, I should like to be a fireman!



FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

GIRL: Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.

BOATMAN: If you've a penny in your
purse,
I'll ferry you.

GIRL : I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue ;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.

BOATMAN : Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue ;
And for the penny in your purse,
I'll ferry you.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.





IN THE MINE

An iron basket goes down
into the coal mine.

The miners step into the basket.
Down they go, down, down, down.
It is very dark down in the mine.
So every miner has a light. .

Every miner has a pick-ax.
It goes, Click! Click! Click!
The miner gets us coal
from the coal mine.
We need coal when the winds blow
and the waters freeze.
The engineer needs it to run
his train.
So the miners work all day long.



A DIAMOND OR A COAL ?

A diamond or a coal ?

A diamond, if you please ;

Who cares about a clumsy coal

Beneath the summer trees ?

A diamond or a coal ?

A coal, sir, if you please ;

One comes to care about the coal

What time the waters freeze.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A DIAMOND, IF YOU PLEASE

1. Will you have a diamond or a coal ?

2. The sky is blue, and the birds sing.

What care I for a clumsy coal ?

I'll have a diamond, sir, if you please.

A COAL, IF YOU PLEASE

1. Will you have a diamond or a coal?
2. I'll have a coal, sir, if you please.

One comes to care about the coal
when the waters freeze.



IN WINTER

When the birds have gone
From the summer trees,
When the winds blow cold
And the waters freeze,
Hurrah for the fires
Of the winter days,
And hurrah for the coal
That makes the blaze!



AFTER TEA

When the open fire is bright
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

BY THE FIRE

Do you like to sit by the fire after tea?

Do you like to watch the smoke
from the fire?

Where does it go?

It goes up and up and up.

It drifts away.

Away over the houses!

Away over the tree-tops!

Away, away, away!

The fire tells beautiful stories.

Do you ever listen to these stories?

The fire makes beautiful pictures.

Do you ever see these pictures?

Does the fire make you think
of the forest?

The fire log grew in a forest far away.





THE FOREST

I

Once there was a beautiful forest.
Many trees grew in it.
They grew straight and tall, and had
leafy crowns.

Birds built their nests in the branches.
Soon there were pretty eggs in the nests.
Then there were little birds.
The little birds grew to be big birds.
Then came the winter,
and they flew away.



II

But there were many more spring-
times.

There were new nests.
There were new eggs.
Then came little birds.



The little birds grew to be big birds,
and flew away.



So it was again and again, as springs,
summers, autumns, and winters
went by.

Can you think of the trees standing
straight and tall?

Then you will think of wind songs
and bird songs.

You will think of the green leaves
of summer, making leafy roof tops.

You will think of the bright leaves
of autumn, drifting, drifting down.

You will think of the white snows
of winter, softly, softly falling.

You will think of the deep roots
that help the trees stand
straight and tall.

And you will think of the green moss
over the deep roots.





THE WOODMEN

I

Two woodmen made their homes
in the forest.

They cut down the tall trees.

They cut off the boughs.

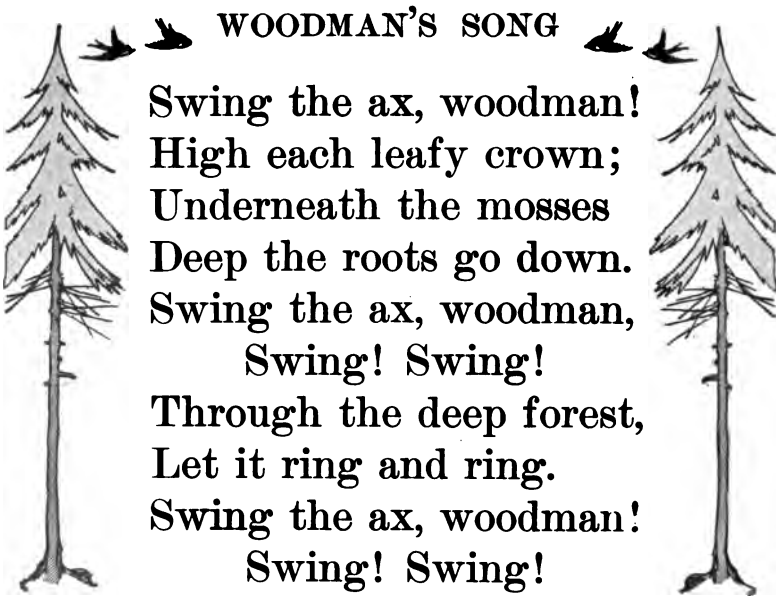
So they had logs with which to build
their houses.

II

The woodmen rose before the light.
All day their axes could be heard
in the forest.

The mothers in the houses sang
at their work.

They sang the woodman's song.



The children sang, too.
They liked to play they were woodmen.
They played they had axes.
They would swing the axes as they sang.
They would swing and sing, and swing
and sing.

III

One day the two woodmen sat down
to rest.

They sat on a log and talked together.

FIRST WOODMAN: What a big log this is!

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, this was once
a tall tree.

It grew very straight, too.

FIRST WOODMAN: It has had many
nests in its branches.

SECOND WOODMAN: The birds have
now all left the nests.

They are singing far away.

FIRST WOODMAN: Where do you think
this log will go?

SECOND WOODMAN: It will go down
the river when spring comes.

FIRST WOODMAN: Yes, I know. It will
go to the mill.

But where will it go after that?

SECOND WOODMAN: It may help build
a house.

FIRST WOODMAN: It may help build
a ship.

SECOND WOODMAN: It may make
a baby's cradle.

FIRST WOODMAN: It may make a fire.

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, it may.

Children may gather round it
in the long winter evenings.

FIRST WOODMAN: It will help some
one.

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, I am sure
it will.

IV

Shall I tell you about the log that was
once a tall, straight tree?

It did not help build a house.

It did not make a baby's cradle.

It did not make a bright fire.

It helped to make a fine, large ship.

The ship goes sailing over the sea.





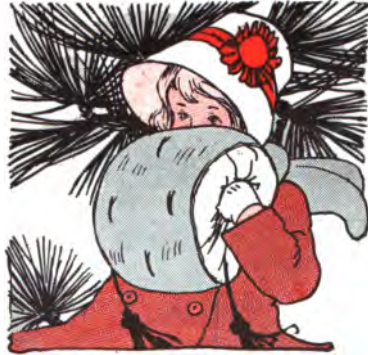
WHAT SEASON IS IT?

When the brook begins to go
Rushing to the sea ;
When the birds begin to sing,
And leaves bud on the tree —
What season is it?

When the leaf buds all have grown
To make a leafy crown,
And leafy trees beside the brook
On leafy trees look down —
What season is it?

When the leaves of red and gold
Go drifting from a tree,
And fall into the water blue
And sail away to sea —
What season is it?

When the brook no longer can
Go singing to the sea,
And no bird sings about its eggs,
In any forest tree —
What season is it?



THE SEASONS

The seasons are spring, summer,
autumn, and winter.

When leaves begin to grow, it is ——.

When the trees have leafy green crowns,
it is ——.

When the trees have leaves of red
and gold, it is ——.

When there are no leaves on the trees,
it is ——.

When there are pretty eggs in the nests,
it is ——.

When there are no eggs and no little
birds in the nest, it is ——.

When the brook begins to run
to the sea, it is ——.

When the brook cannot run, it is ——.

TURN OVER

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-re!
There's a riddle about a forest tree,
And another about a honeybee —
Turn the page over.

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-ra!
There's a riddle about the close of day;
And what you will think,
can any one say?
Turn the page over.

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-ro!
There's a riddle about a shining bow.
You will find two pages of riddles,
and so —
Turn the page over.

RIDDLES

What stands up straight
With a leafy crown,
While under the moss
Its roots go down?

What singing goes
Through a leafy tree,
Besides a bird
And a humming bee?

What is as busy
As busy can be,
That there may be honey
For you and for me?

What comes in the sky
On a springtime day,
When the rain and the sun
Together play?

MORE RIDDLES

Who works all day,
While the forest rings,
As his shining ax
He swings and swings ?
And what has arms
That turning go,
Whenever the merry
Breezes blow ?
What rock and dip
As they sailing go,
O'er the deep blue sea,
When the breezes blow?
And can you tell
What goes to rest,
When the sun drowns into
The golden west ?

WHEN THE SUN DROWSES INTO THE WEST

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the little birds go to rest.

They flutter into their nests.

The wind rocks the nests,
and the birds rest all night long.

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the bees go to rest.

All day they make honey.

At night they rest in the hive.

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the lambs go to rest.

All day they play in the meadows.

At night they rest
beside the mother sheep.

When the sun drowns into the west,
the flowers go to rest.
They drop their heads,
and rest all night long.

I KNOW

Who taught the first little girl how
to rest ?

I know, I know !

The good little birds flutter back
to the nest,
And each pretty flower-bud knows
it is best

To sleep when the sun drowns
into the west ;

They taught her to rest,

I know.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

LULLABIES

Mothers sing their babies to rest, when
the sun drowns into the west.

Each baby puts its head
upon its mother's breast.

Then the baby's mother sings a lullaby.
While the day grows dark and still,
she sings a lullaby.

Some mothers sing,

“Rock-a-bye, Baby,
Upon the tree-top;
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
And down will come Baby
And cradle and all;
And down will come Baby
And cradle and all.”



The shepherd watches his sheep.
In the shepherd's home, the mother
sings to the baby.

She sings to him about his father.

She sings,

“Sleep, Baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,
And down drops a little dream on thee.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!”

The sailor is far out on the wide sea.
His ship is sailing home.
It is sailing, sailing home.
The sailor is coming home to his baby.
The silver moon is shining.
It shines on the silver sea.
The wind sings to the baby.
It sings, "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest."
The sea sings to the baby.
It sings,

 "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon."

The mother sings to the baby.
She sings,

 "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon."



SLEEP AND REST

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon ;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon ;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon ;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



A SEA-SONG

Hail! Ho!

Sail! Ho!

Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!

Who calls to me,

So far at sea?

Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!

Hail! Ho!

The sailor he sails the sea;

I wish he would capture

a little sea-horse

And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails

Through the tropical gales,

He would catch me a sea-bird, too,

With its silver wings

And the song it sings,

And its breast of down and dew!

Hail! Ho!

Sail! Ho!

Sail far o'er the fabulous main!

And if I were a sailor,

I'd sail with you,

Though I never sailed back again.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. *Abridged.*

HEY, SAILOR! HO, SAILOR!

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
What did you bring to me?

SAILOR: I brought you a little sea-
horse, lad,
From far across the sea.

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
Does the little horse trot or
swim?

SAILOR: Oh, he swims just like a fish,
lad—
In the sea I captured him.

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
Will you take me across the
main?

SAILOR: Oh, yes, when you are grown,
lad—
Across and back again.



PLAY THIS

One child will be the captain.

The captain will choose nine children.

They will be the soldiers.

They will make three rows,

with three soldiers in each row.

The captain will say, "Ready! March!"

Then the captain and the soldiers will
march.

They will keep step as they march —

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right!

They will sing as they march,

"This is how the soldiers go,

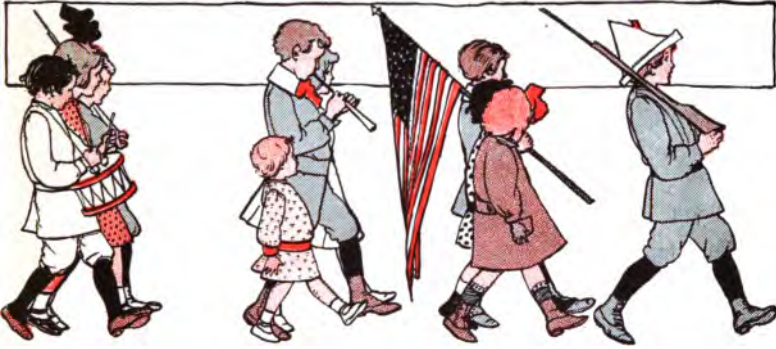
Tramp, tramp, tramp;

Keeping step, row by row,

Tramp, tramp, tramp;

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Tramp, tramp, tramp!"



When the song is done, the captain
will choose a new captain.

Each soldier will choose a new soldier.

Then the new captain and the new
soldiers will march

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!
Right!

They will sing the soldier's song:

“This is how the soldiers go,
Tramp, tramp, tramp;
Keeping step, row by row,
Tramp, tramp, tramp.”

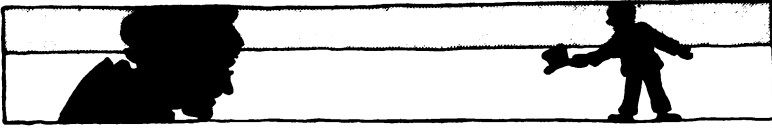
THE TOILERS

1. What we will do when we grow up,
Not one of us can say;
But let us tell
What we'd like well
To do when we're grown, some day.
2. I will be a drummer,
A drummer I will be.
A-rub-a-dum-dum
I'll beat the drum,
And the soldiers will march with me!
3. I will be a shepherd,
If I may have my will;
I'll watch the sheep,
While the bright stars peep,
And the night is cold and still.

4. I will be a sailor,
For I love the deep blue sea;
I love the white sails
And the tropical gales—
Yes, a sailor I will be.

5. I will be a woodman
In a forest far away;
My ax I'll swing,
It shall ring and ring,
When I am grown some day.

1. I like all the toilers
On the land and on the sea.
I like them all well;
Oh, how can I tell
Which toiler I will be?



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once upon a time there were a little old
woman and a little old man.

One day the little old woman made
a boy out of gingerbread.

She put it into the oven to bake.

By and by she opened the oven door,
to see if it was done.

Out jumped the Gingerbread Boy!

Away he ran, out of the door
and down the road.

The little old woman and the little
old man ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called out,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can’t catch me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

And they could not catch him.



The little Gingerbread Boy ran
on and on.

Soon he came to a cow.

“Stop, little Gingerbread Boy,”
said the cow; “I should like
to eat you.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy called
out,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
And I can run away from you,
I can!”

The cow ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can’t catch me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

And the cow could not catch him.



The little Gingerbread Boy ran on and
on.

Soon he came to a horse.

“Please stop, little Gingerbread Boy,”
said the horse; “you look very good
to eat.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy called
out,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
And I can run away from you,
I can!”

The horse ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can’t catch me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

And the horse could not catch him.



By and by the little Gingerbread Boy
came to a field where a man
was working.

The man saw him running, and called,
“Do not run so fast,
little Gingerbread Boy; you look
very good to eat.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy ran
faster and faster.

As he ran, he called,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
And I can run away from you,
I can!”



The man in the field ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called out,

“Run ! run ! as fast as you can !
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man !”

And the man could not catch him.

Then the little Gingerbread Boy
saw a fox.

By this time, the little Gingerbread Boy
was very pleased with himself.

He was pleased that he could run
so fast.

So he called out to the fox,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
A man in a field,

And I can run away from you,
I can!
Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

"O ho!" called the fox, "we will see
about that!"

The Gingerbread Boy ran just as fast
as he could.

But the fox could run faster.

He caught the little Gingerbread Boy,
and ate him up.





THE CAT THAT WAITED

I

CAT: See the nest in the tree,
my kittens!

WHITE KITTEN: What is in it, mother?

CAT: Eggs, my dear.

BLACK KITTEN: Are eggs good?

CAT: Eggs are good.

I will get one for each of you.

(She climbs the tree. She looks into the nest.
Then she comes down.)

BLACK KITTEN: What did you see,
dear mother?

CAT: I saw two blue eggs, my kitten.

WHITE KITTEN: Are not blue eggs
good to eat?

CAT: Blue eggs are good,
but little birds are better.
We will wait.

II

CAT: Have you watched the nest to-day,
my kittens?

KITTENS: Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT: Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS: No, dear mother.

CAT: Then we will eat the eggs.

We will not wait.

(She climbs the tree. She looks into the nest.
Then she comes down.)

WHITE KITTEN: What did you see,
dear mother?

CAT: I saw five blue eggs, my kittens.

BLACK KITTEN: Are not five blue eggs
good?

CAT: Five blue eggs are good,
but five little birds are better.
We will wait.

III

CAT: Have you watched the nest to-day,
my kittens?

KITTENS: Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT: Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS: Yes, yes, mother!

CAT: We will eat them now.

They will be good.

(She climbs the tree. She looks into the nest.
Then she comes down.)

BLACK KITTEN: What did you see,
dear mother?

CAT: I saw five little birds, my kittens.

WHITE KITTEN: Are not little birds
good?

CAT: Little birds are good,
but large birds are better.
We will wait.

IV

CAT: Have you watched the nest to-day,
my kittens?

KITTENS: Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT: Did large birds look from it?

KITTENS: No, dear mother.

CAT: Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS: No, dear mother.

CAT: That is very strange.

Well, we will eat the birds to-day.

They must be very good now.

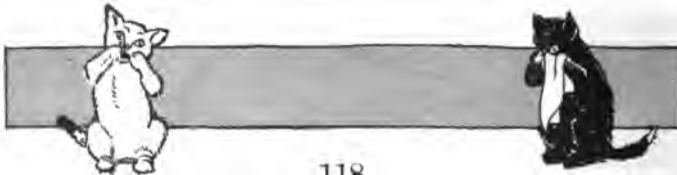
(She climbs the tree. She looks into the nest.
Then she comes down.)

WHITE KITTEN: What did you see,
dear mother?

CAT: Nothing, kittens, nothing!
The birds have flown.

KITTENS: O mother! Mother!

AUGUSTA STEVENSON. *Adapted.*



RED, BLUE, AND GOLD

What is red, red, red?

A rose by the garden wall—

A dear little rose

and a sweet little rose,

That grows on a rose tree tall.

What is blue, blue, blue?

The sky on a bright spring day;

And the pretty brook

that singing goes,

Is blue as it runs on its way.

And what is gold, gold, gold?

The sun that rides on high,

The daisy's eye

in the meadow,

And the wings of a butterfly.



WHAT I LOVE

The daisies white are dear to me,
I love their golden eyes;
I love the gold of the butterfly
And the blue of the brooks and skies.
But when a rose, a little red rose,
Nods to me from the wall,
I say, "O rose, O dear little rose,
I love you best of all!"

FUNDAMENTAL VOCABULARY

This list of one hundred words, like the Fundamental Vocabulary given in the Primer, is selected for special emphasis because it is made up of the common and necessary words in the child's reading vocabulary. The words given below, most of which were introduced in the Primer, are given in the order in which they occur in this book, the root form of the word being used in each case. Their repeated use in this book, together with special drills upon them, should enable every pupil to master them. They may also be used for spelling lessons and as key words in the Phonic Drills. See Suggestions, page 125. The Complete Vocabulary of this book is given on pages 122 to 124.

3 old	came	eight	38 flower
4 man	down	sweet	39 give
his	away	21 sit	shine
him	11 once	23 town	41 across
as	swing	home	them
were	had	from	42 dog
sea	12 pie	24 blue	43 run
tell	put	25 watch	44 ride
or	big	sheep	think
know	13 saw	sleep	48 wheat
5 she	14 your	under	who
look	good	apple	ask
6 bake	would	corn	50 mill
cake	make	sang	51 bread
fast	mother	26 second	54 horse
7 nine	16 morning	first	58 into
some	17 cow	27 if	60 train
again	red	32 which	62 should
us	long	34 their	65 dream
8 found	horn	bee	66 fire
but	18 hen	hum	68 water
round	ten	35 an	72 coal
9 let	too	egg	74 about
no	19 six	father	78 tall
10 eat	seven	36 get	83 rest

COMPLETE VOCABULARY

This list contains all the different words of the First Reader not already given in the Primer — an average of about three words to a page — in the order in which they first appear in the book. The numbers of pages containing no new words are omitted.

3 old	10 Miss	Mrs.	field
tales	Muffett	15 else	haycock
4 long	sat	ha	corn
ago	tuffet	water-mill	26 asleep
man	eating	millar	softly
told	curds	17 horns	wake
only	whey	head	second
lands	spider	never	first
reads	beside	19 clovers	27 after
5 story	frightened	nodding	cry
sometimes	11 web	left	flew
6 pat-a-cake	spun	right	28 third
fast	I'll	20 opened	louder
pat	I've	eyes	waken
mark	12 Horner	nowhere	loud
7 pease	corner	21 each	could
porridge	pie	22 Bobby	30 jumped
hot	thumb	Shafto	back
cold	took	silver	bluebird
pot	plum	buckles	31 brought
some	13 just	knee	32 which
8 Lucy	sleepy	other	34 blossoms
Locket	something	strange	drifting
pocket	country	he'll	hum
Fisher	road	23 London	35 an
but	farmer	that's	wings
lose	load	24 shepherd	happy
9 no	14 sure	25 watched	far

36	every	mouse	hour	stories
	plain	pig	whistle	clang
	you're	49 myself	rushes	clump
37	does	reap	along	clumpety
	branch	50 windmill's	61 ticket	gong
	close	arms	seller	hurry
38	grew	flour	traveler	building
	our	ground	New York	spout
40	sweetest	51 bread	minutes	water
41	humming	53 wish	fare	69 fireman
	whole	54 cock	dollars	ring
	it's	crows	caller	70 ferry
42	bears	morn	track	boatman
	camels	feed	aboard	you've
	lions	horses	62 stop	purse
	giraffes	55 brightly	63 buy	71 step
43	bow-wow	bring	64 men	ferry-boat
44	merry-go-	golden	pick-axes	72 mine
	round	56 shone	together	basket
45	boo	fell	65 forests	coal
	choose	57 breezes	off	miners
46	apple-tree	flip-flap	hay	73 click
	butterfly	work	dark	freeze
	bough	58 baking	lights	74 diamond
47	till	loaves	burning	cares
	wide	sell	rows	clumsy
	cattle	cart	66 strong	beneath
	country-	59 need	firemen	sir
	side	fresh	stand	75 winter
	roof	rolls	alarm	76 tea
48	grains	60 engineer	67 harness	bright
	wheat	engine	spring	talk
	sow	pulls	upon	77 tree-tops
	many	forty	still	beautiful
	duck	miles	68 ease	log

78	straight	bud	babies	trot
	leafy	leaf	breast	102 captain
	crowns	87 gold	lullaby	soldiers
79	spring-	longer	breaks	keep
	times	89 turn	95 thy	tramp
	autumns	a-riddle	shaking	104 toilers
80	tops	a-riddle-	dream-	we'd
	deep	ma-re	land	we're
	roots	riddle	thee	drummer
	moss	page	97 babe	a-rub-a-
81	woodmen	a-riddle-	98 sea-song	dum-
82	rose	ma-ra	hail	dum
	axes	a-riddle-	ho	106 ginger-
	wood-	ma-ro	ahoy	bread
	man's	90 besides	99 capture	woman
	under-	91 whenever	sea-horse	oven
	neath	merry	tropical	ran
	through	dip	gales	107 can't
83	children	o'er	catch	111 faster
	rest	drowzes	sea-bird	112 fox
84	ship	west	dew	himself
	cradle	92 flutter	fabulous	114 cat
85	fine	93 taught	main	waited
	large	flower-	I'd	115 climbs
	sailing	bud	though	better
86	season	best	100 hey	118 nothing
	begins	94 lullabies	lad	flown



SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THERE has been no attempt to make this book on the mechanical plan of repeating each word a fixed number of times, although there are, on the average, only three new words to the page, and there is an unusually large amount of natural repetition. The child-like expression of the stories, and their scope for action and continued interest will keep the pupil alert and help him to master the words. Children are not equally strong, however; and this book *provides for their individual differences*. It is not necessary that every child should *master* every word in a story when it first occurs. The grasp of words, with children as with adults, is a gradual process, and takes time and experience. If, as in this book, the reading material is intrinsically interesting, so that the child returns to it gladly and even of his own accord, the teacher can accomplish with the whole class, by repeated reviews, what only the strongest pupils could master in the first reading. Nor will this be loss of time for these strongest; for from a good book there is much besides mere vocabulary to be learned. In any vocabulary there are certain words that must be used over and over again, because they are the basic words of speech. They may be termed the Fundamental Vocabulary. These common words every child should really master; they should be carefully drilled upon, to the extent that may be necessary, in different classes and in individual cases. The other words, which form, as it were, a supplementary vocabulary less commonly used, may be mastered by

the children according to their individual strength. For the convenience of the teacher, one hundred of the basic words that are repeated most often in this Reader have been listed apart as the Fundamental Vocabulary (see page 121). Some of these words occur in the Complete Vocabulary of the Primer.

THE TEACHING OF PHONICS

Phonics should now be given in a teaching exercise and in a seat period separate from the reading lesson.

The rhymes, the poems, and the rhythmic and alliterative sentences of the Reader should be used as helps in the teaching of phonograms and consonant sounds. Note especially the rhyming and alliterative structure now used in both verse and prose, — “*Lucy Locket lost a pocket.*” “*Pease porridge in the pot.*” “*A little red hen was looking for something to eat.*” “*You will find the burning building.*” (For further illustrations see pages 6, 38, 45, 68, 98, 99, 119, and pages 4, 9, 37, 43, 46, 55, 56, 59, 106–113.) Continue to review, and, when necessary, drill on the phonic sounds taught in connection with the Primer. Increase the list of imitative words and phrases by adding to those found in the Primer those of the Reader (e. g., “Hum! Hum-m!” “Get up!” “I’m up!” “All aboard!” “Train for New York!” “Tramp, tramp, tramp!”) and make use of these natural helps in training in enunciation. (See pages 7, 15, 20, 36–38, 40, 43, 46, 53, 61–63, 65, 68, 69, 75, 98–100, 102–104.)

Separate initial consonant sounds, and also the final consonant sound (as *s* in *as*), from key-words. Continue the process of combining phonograms and consonant sounds both by rhyming and by blending, *but emphasize the blending*. Use rhyming for training in enunciation, and for impressing a particular phonogram in a family of words; but use blending for building families and lists of words, and for pronouncing new words in the reading lesson.

Select for drill from the Fundamental Vocabulary those phonograms and consonant sounds that will give the largest result in mastering the vocabulary of this book, in building new words, and in overcoming errors of pronunciation (e. g., *et, est*).

Keep a record of all phonograms and consonant sounds taught, and drill on these. For example, drill on *eep* (as in *sheep*, page 25)

from a phonic card,

sheep
eep

, and from the blackboard;

rhyme with it. In the case of each word in the rhyming list, train the children to show and pronounce both the phonogram and the whole word. Write the phonogram, uniting with it familiar consonant sounds, and have the children give the words separately:—

<i>eep</i>	<i>eep</i>
<i>peep</i>	<i>deep</i>
<i>sleep</i>	<i>keep</i>
<i>sweep</i>	<i>weep</i>

Finally, look for words containing *eep* in the book (pages 25, 26), and in supplementary readers.

Drill as follows upon the consonant sound *p* (as in *put*, page 12):

Drill from a phonic card,

put
p

, and from the blackboard.

Have pupils give a list of words beginning or ending with *p*, and have them build words by blending.

<i>put</i>	<i>up</i>	<i>p-in</i>
<i>pick</i>	<i>hop</i>	<i>p-ay</i>
<i>pat</i>	<i>help</i>	<i>p-en</i>
<i>pot</i>	<i>shop</i>	<i>p-ill</i>
<i>pocket</i>	<i>sleep</i>	<i>p-un</i>
<i>pie</i>	<i>tramp</i>	<i>p-at</i>

Then from these and other lists of words find, mark, and name words beginning or ending with *p*; and continue the drill from

the Reader (pages 6, 7, 12-20), and from supplementary readers.

Take advantage of every opportunity in the reading lesson to apply this knowledge. As the result of the work, pupils should be able to recognize rhyming words in verse and rhythmic prose, to give rhymes with many of the common phonograms, to recognize the twenty-seven phonograms and nineteen consonant sounds taught in this book and in the Primer, to build lists of words beginning with any of these consonant sounds, to blend these consonant sounds and phonograms to form new words, and to apply this knowledge in the preparation of reading lessons.

TABLE OF PHONOGRAMS AND CONSONANT SOUNDS

(To be taught in connection with the First Reader)

The number in each case refers to a page in connection with which the phonic element may be effectively presented.

PHONOGRAMS	KEYWORDS	CONSONANT SOUNDS	KEYWORDS
<i>old</i> , 4	old	<i>s</i> , 4	as
<i>ook</i> , 5	look		
<i>ine</i> , 7	nine	<i>n</i> , 7	nine
<i>ound</i> , 9	found	<i>p</i> , 12	put
<i>ed</i> , 17	red	<i>r</i> , 17	red
<i>own</i> , 23	down		
<i>eep</i> , 25	sheep	<i>sh</i> , 25	sheep
<i>orn</i> , 28	corn		
<i>ell</i> , 32	tell		
<i>et</i> , 36	get	<i>g</i> , 36	get
<i>ide</i> , 44	ride		
<i>ain</i> , 60	train		
<i>est</i> , 83	rest		
<i>ight</i> , 92	night		



